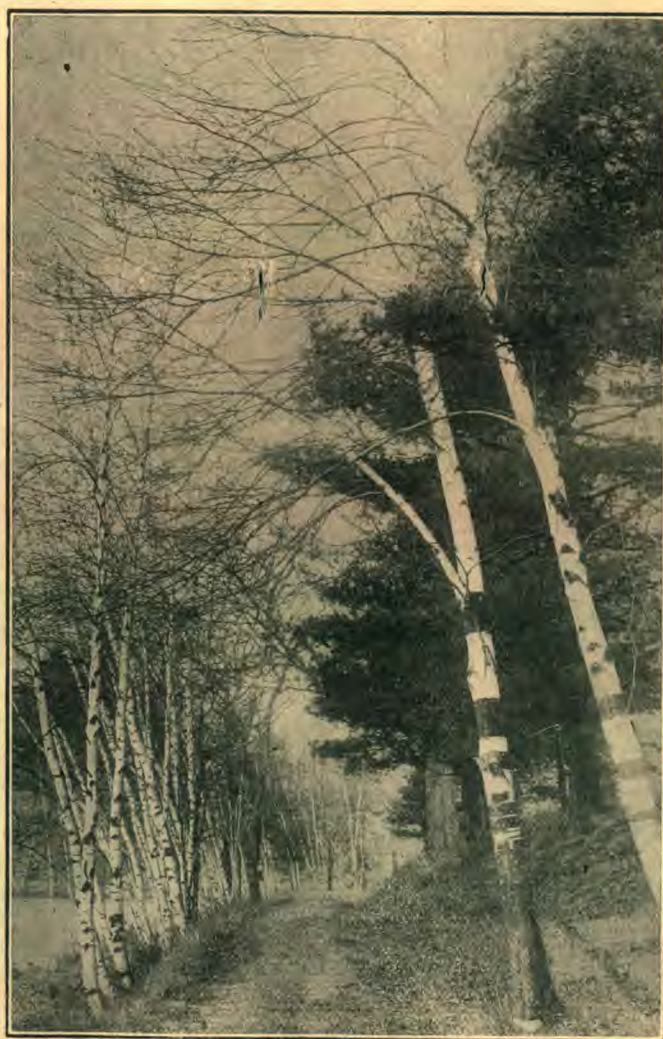


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXI

June 17, 1913

No. 24



BY THE OLD CEMETERY, SOUTH LANCASTER,
MASSACHUSETTS

What Is Success?

WHAT is success? and what are some of the elements that enter into it?

The following definitions, gleaned from the testimony of many persons at a social meeting where the question was propounded, are good enough to be passed on:—

"Success means progress, moving, going ahead."

"The impulse that moves men should be a desire to do right."

"It lies in improving one's gift."

"Taking an interest in the things of others. Being a friend."

A doctor said, "It means taking care of the health, maintaining a strong constitution. To this end self-control is essential. Shipwreck is the result of desire uncontrolled."

"The objective point of every successful Christian is to model after the Christ-life."

"The first element of the successful Christian life is prayer."

A canvasser quoted as a recipe: "Be of good courage, and thou shalt have good success."

"Have a purpose," said a teacher, "and let sympathy enter into it."

Another said: "Success is to know what God wants me to do and then to bend all my energies to doing it. Success does not necessarily mean attainment, but it does mean effort."

"Caleb achieved success in faithfully staying by it."

"Work," said one, "enters largely into success."

"Trials are God's means to successful Christian life."

"Lop off weaknesses, that strength may take root."

"One must set the mark and retain the vision of his ideal."

"Success does not mean to be great, a ruler, a king. David said, 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.'"

"Sending Naaman to the prophet of God was a success in the life of the little maid."

"It is being master of whatever is undertaken, not being side-tracked into becoming a Jack of all trades."

"To Israel it meant unity of the camp in obeying God. Failure came when one man coveted a golden wedge."

A missionary said: "Success is attained unconsciously, in the faithful performance of little acts, conscious only of a close walk with God; it is the unconscious expression of the life within."

G. W. MILLER.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXI


TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 17, 1913

No. 24

With Our Missionaries During the Chinese Revolution

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL

The Outbreak

T was on a somber, chilly autumn day in the early part of October, 1911, that Mr. Cottrell and I found ourselves as far as Hankow on our return trip inland after a short rest in Shanghai. Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Larson and Mr. and Mrs. Esta Miller were our mission's representatives then residing in Hankow. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were living temporarily in a semi-Chinese flat, which was located in one of the two long rows of similar buildings facing each other, with a narrow alley between. At the several entrances of this alley, were iron gates, ordinarily closed and locked at night, but open during the day.

In the afternoon as some of us were returning from shopping, we were surprised to find the iron gates closed; but we could see through the grating a company of much-excited Chinese, and several municipal police in the alley near Brother Miller's home. We asked, "What is the trouble in there?" and were told, "They are catching a thief who appeared when fire broke out in one of the tenements." However, it was soon known that the house where the fire broke out had been used for some time as a manufactory for bombs and revolutionary flags and emblems, and that the fire had been caused by the igniting of some explosives. It was one of these revolutionists whom we saw being arrested, and who, with some of his fellows, was executed the same night.

Although the secret plans of the revolutionists hitherto had been to make the outbreak some two months later, upon finding their plans were detected, they decided to make the attack at once. Accordingly, the first demonstration of the revolution—the burning of the public buildings in Wu-chang, opposite Hankow—began about 10 P. M. of the night following this incident. As we left Hankow two hours before the outbreak, we knew nothing of what was happening until several days after we reached Changsha.

The Peaceable Capture of Changsha

It was with great anticipation and pleasure that we returned to Changsha, as we heard from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Harris during our absence that the new homes for workers were nearing completion. We began moving into and settling them as soon as we returned, and were as happy as only those know how to be who, after having lived for months in a dark Chinese house in the city, suddenly find themselves in a comfortable home built out in the open.

But our "nest making" was soon to be cut short. A few days after our arrival rumors reached us of trouble in Hankow,—rumors that were confirmed and enlarged upon as the days passed. Soon we learned that a revolution was really taking place, and that other cities were turning over to the republican party.

We knew not what might take place at any time in Changsha, but the report was that the city was soon to join Hankow in the attempt to throw off the Manchu

yoke. The British consul residing here sent a notice around to all European and American residents of this port, stating that trouble might break out at any time, and that every family should keep some one on the watch by night and day for certain signals which were to be given from the custom's flagpole. In the mean time most of the women and children left the city and repaired to the island upon which our cottages, together with three other foreign houses, stand. Anticipating that there might be an antforeign demonstration, an ambush of sand-bags was thrown up about one of these foreign houses, and at the signal above mentioned, all foreigners were to leave the city and come within easy access of this improvised fort.

The expected crisis came early Sunday morning, October 22. Two of the leading military officials, and a few soldiers who tried to defend them, were killed. Civil rulers either fled or declared for the revolutionists. The Manchu families in the city were in great terror, and either kept themselves in hiding or escaped by night. Consular orders forbade foreigners entering the city. The one hundred Europeans and Americans of Changsha found temporary homes by crowding into the houses on the island or securing house-boats lying along the shore. Our cottages accommodated twelve persons aside from those of our own mission.

In the mean time, the date for our general meeting arrived, and, despite the political threatenings, a goodly number of believers gathered together in Changsha. We were able to enter the city and conduct the meetings during most of the time; but, owing to differences between some of the revolutionary leaders, a fight broke out, and all foreigners who were in the city again hastened out pell-mell. However, the provincial assembly that took charge of affairs when the city turned over to the new administration, soon succeeded in establishing order. During this disturbance the city gates were again closed and we were unable to enter the city; but as the native evangelists filled in the breach, the meetings were not seriously interrupted. On the closing day twelve received baptism.

Large numbers of volunteer soldiers often lined the streets on their way to Hupeh Province. It came to be quite common for Mr. Cottrell to remark, "Well, today I saw two or three thousand more soldiers going on board boat for Hankow."

From the first outbreak a real money panic began. Nearly all notes issued by either the imperial or the provincial government were considered worthless, or unusable. Many banks failed and all others suspended payment. Practically nothing was considered good except silver or copper coins, and these were almost unobtainable. Of course this situation added to our perplexities.

With the war still raging in Hankow and the unrest and trouble spreading throughout China, the consuls decided to ask all women and children to leave the interior and go to some port city where they could be properly protected. No one knew just what to expect,

as robbers and pirates invariably take advantage of such opportunities for deeds of violence.

Brethren Gibson and Harris decided to accompany their wives to Shanghai; but as it seemed necessary for Mr. Cottrell to remain by the work here in Changsha, I had planned to stay with him. However, my trunk was packed, so that in case of sudden trouble I might leave at any time.

The night on which our friends were to leave us was a sad one. We accompanied them to the steamer, which we found already crowded. Returning home about midnight, we decided that it was best for me to go with the others. It was nearly 3 A. M. when, my preparations completed, I took one last lingering look at the new homes which we had entered with such joy only one month before and which we now must leave under conditions of so great uncertainty. But of course the greatest trial was for me to leave my husband in Changsha, while I attempted to reach a place of safety. Nevertheless as this seemed best, with an uttered prayer, the good-bys were quickly over, and I found myself alone on the deck, watching with tear-dimmed eyes what otherwise might have been distinctly seen in the beautiful moonlight,—his little rowboat fading away in the distance, and then he was gone.

Amid Shot and Shell

Our trip to Hankow was made on schedule time by one of the Japanese steamers, which carried a few large bullet holes made by some soldiers who fired when she refused to halt for them to search her passengers on a former trip. Although her company compelled all foreign passengers to travel first-class, we were obliged to put up with soiled linen on our beds, and the table-cloth and napkins bore manifest proof of the servants' statement that they had been unable to have any laundry done since the revolution began.

As we neared Hankow, all eyes were turned toward the ruins of the still-smoking city. Ever and anon could be heard the distant booming of cannons, while the usually crowded river-front was almost destitute of boats, and every face wore the troubled and anxious look which made us realize we were in the midst of the real war center of the revolution.

During the war thus far no large merchant vessels had ventured up the river as far as Hankow, passengers for Shanghai being conveyed by launches a few miles down the Yang-tze-kiang to connect with regular river-boats. Hence we expected that we should not have to remain within the danger line more than a few hours at most. But what was our surprise to find that on account of a large cargo of tea, which they wished to remove to a place of safety, the steamer which was to convey us to Shanghai had ventured up into the harbor. With cross-river bombardment above and below us, we went aboard this steamer, were shown our staterooms, and awaited the time of departure, which was promised to be that afternoon. But not having made up the cargo by the specified time, we remained in port overnight and until afternoon of the following day, making in all thirty-six hours amid shot and shell.

On the afternoon of our arrival, we went on shore to notify the American consul-general, Mr. Greene, of the whereabouts of our Changsha workers. In our walk along the bund (or street on the water-front), we saw holes in many places which had been scooped out of the brick walls by flying shells; and on one street corner a crowd had gathered about a Chinese

who had just been shot by a stray bullet only a few rods from where we were walking. We also called at the post-office to try to recover some of the missing letters that had been accumulating in Hankow.

Some Changsha Methodist missionary acquaintances were invited out to dinner by some of their Hankow friends, and returned to the boat quite excited late in the evening, saying that as they stood talking on their friends' piazza, a bullet whizzed between them. However, it was quite notable that not a foreigner was killed during the whole siege in Hankow.

As the sun lowered in the west, cannonading began in earnest. We sat out on the deck of the steamer and watched the most animated and nerve-racking fireworks that I trust I shall ever be compelled to behold. As the shadows deepened, more and more often we would see the distant flash, then the report and a swish into the water near us would tell of a falling shell. Sometimes a whizzing through the air just over our heads sent us all running into the saloon, which in reality afforded no protection.

After an evening of this experience, we all realized more than ever that our only safety lay in the hands of Him whose business had led us to this far country amid such dangers; and with his promise of "Lo, I am with you always," and the sweet assurances of the ninety-first psalm, we lay down to rest. Again the truth of the saying that "God's promises, like the stars, shine brightest in the darkest night," was brought forcibly to mind, and we were glad to cast our helpless selves upon them.

Other Experiences

During the day upon which we were to leave Hankow, there was considerable cannonading back and forth across the river below us, and we began to wonder how our boat was going to pass safely through the cross-fire. But here again God protected us, and while the soldiers had stopped firing to sup their afternoon cup of tea,—for such was said to be their custom,—our boat passed safely between the fortifications; and with hearts full of thanksgiving that we were at last beyond the danger line, we again began to breathe normally.

Sharing my stateroom on this trip, was a noted Red Cross nurse, who had worked night and day almost unceasingly since the war began and was now on her way to take a short rest. She related several thrilling experiences and narrow escapes from death in her work among the wounded. Another passenger, a former Manchu official, was traveling incognito from far Szechuen, having saved his life by purporting to be a special letter-carrier for foreigners on an important mission to Shanghai.

The remainder of our trip to Shanghai was quite uneventful, except that we saw many war-ships of various nations at the different ports along the Yang-tze-kiang.

As we reached Shanghai, we were given a warm welcome by our friends, who told us that, with the exception of Brother F. A. Allum and Mr. Cottrell, all the missionaries from the interior had previously arrived. Brother Allum followed in a few weeks and Mr. Cottrell reached Shanghai shortly before Christmas. One large rented tenement afforded homes for five families, while others found vacant rooms elsewhere; and, by means of renting some of the bare necessities in furniture, we were soon able to comfortably care for ourselves, making the most of the privileges afforded

us of together studying the language and seeking God.

Our workers from Cheo Chia K'o, Honan, came to Shanghai by way of Peking, thus traveling largely outside the war area. Of their experience en route, Sister O. A. Hall writes: "Aside from the train-load after train-load of soldiers, horses, and cannons which we saw, there was but little by which one would know that the country was in a state of revolution. . . . It truly seemed a remarkable thing that a country which had been for so many, many years an empire, should so quietly and deliberately throw off its yoke and establish its new form of government."

However, not so fortunate were our workers in Nanking, as will be seen from the following experience, written by Mrs. Frederick Lee:—

"As soon as we learned that fighting had begun in Nanking, Mr. Lee and I went to the American consulate for further information. The consul soon informed us that all American women and children *must* leave at once for Shanghai. He urged that the men follow as soon as possible.

"We immediately hurried home to assist in moving Dr. Kay, who was very ill at the time. Inside of two hours all had reached the consulate, and were ready to start for the train. The consul headed our procession, which was escorted by sixty American marines. Upon reaching the city gates, we were refused permission to pass through, as no one was to pass out or in. An immense crowd of anxious Chinese were standing there night and day, vainly hoping to get outside the city. With some persuasion on the part of the consul, we were permitted to go out. With great difficulty the waiting mob was held back until the foreigners passed out. Then the gates closed again.

"All along the way to Shanghai we passed companies of rebel soldiers marching on to Nanking.

"Mr. Lee remained behind to find a safer place to store our goods, hoping to follow me as soon as possible. During the days he remained in the city, fighting was going on outside, while looting and killing went on inside at an alarming rate. The city gates were still closed, and to Mr. Lee the question was, How can I get out? The consul told him that if he would be at a certain small gate at a certain time of day, he might get out with some American soldiers who were daily carrying mail. He at once followed the consul's advice, and we were soon together again in Shanghai, where we spent the next three months.

"Shortly after our return to Nanking, some soldiers who had not received their pay, began looting. These were soon fired upon by other soldiers, resulting in a real battle. About twenty soldiers were killed. Mr. Lee and I happened to be outside the city at that time, and had to pass the battle-field in order to get home. It was a sickening sight to see the dead and bleeding lying in the streets. While we were out the following Sabbath, our eyes met a more horrifying sight when we saw a basketful of the heads of the looters. The next week this was a common sight. Heads were displayed here and there, as upward of one thousand had been killed for looting. The reason for displaying heads in this manner was for no other purpose than as a warning to the beholder, really meaning that persons committing like crimes would be punished in like manner."

All through the revolution God's providences were manifest in special care for his own, not only for us as foreigners, but also for the Chinese brethren and sisters. When the war was at its height it was nec-

essary to send some one through a very perilous district to carry money to the station at Cheo Chia K'o. A native evangelist volunteered to go, saying that God would protect him; and he did protect him. At one city, without any known reason to himself, he felt impressed to stop for two or three days, later finding that during that time soldiers had been sent ahead by the government to rid the road of highway robbers. So whereas before men and even schoolchildren had been robbed of everything they possessed, including the clothing on their backs, our evangelist passed through unharmed, with several hundred dollars on his person. This experience was a means of greatly strengthening the faith of the evangelist, enabling him to speak with greater certainty of "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life."

Some of our workers in south China also had thrilling experiences, but lack of space and accurate information alike forbid a further narrative.

Taking advantage of the fact that so many were gathered in Shanghai, a call was made for a general meeting of the China Union Mission to be held January 24 to February 10. All the foreign workers in this field were present, together with representatives from Korea, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and the Philippines. During this meeting the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in a marked degree, and at its close conditions throughout the country had improved to such an extent that it was considered safe for nearly all to return to their respective stations.

Thus our hearts were doubly cheered,—not only for the rare and precious privilege of such a meeting in a foreign land, but also for the proclamation of peace throughout the new republic, bringing with it larger opportunities for consecrated missionary service.
Changsha, Hunan, China.

Wants to Know the Truth of the Matter

IN a recent number of the *Christian Endeavor World* appeared a letter from a woman who had made inquiry of the editor concerning the purported aggressiveness of the Catholic Church. The inquiry and the editor's answer will be of interest to those who understand from prophecy the truth in regard to the future of this ecclesiastical power:—

"An anti-Catholic paper was recently sent to me. It was exceedingly bitter, not only against the Catholic Church but against individual Catholics, and asserted that it is the object of that church to control America and then institute a twentieth-century inquisition in this country. It charged the Knights of Columbus and Order of Hibernians, etc., with being disloyal orders and a menace to freedom, and charged Presidents Taft and Wilson with being subservient to Rome.

"Now from your large outlook, I wish to know if this is really the accepted opinion among educated and influential Protestants today. Is it true that our law-makers are in the pay of Rome, and that the dire results predicted are to follow? Being a member of a Protestant church, I am anxious to get your opinion on the subject, as I wish neither to be blind to coming events nor to believe the word of agitators.

"MRS. W. W. S.

"West Newfield, Maine."

"No one can read a fair history of the Roman Catholic Church, nor note its character in the lands where

today it has full power, without condemning absolutely the arrogant, crafty, and unprincipled course taken by the Roman hierarchy during recent centuries. Rome has stopped at no outrage in its supreme purpose at self-aggrandizement and self-enrichment. As an institution, the Roman Catholic Church is a standing menace to liberty—political and intellectual—and to spiritual freedom throughout the world. But, while making this unqualified statement, I hasten to add that there are many thousands of individual Catholics who are entirely ignorant of the true character of their hierarchy, and who are humble and sincere followers of Christ and loyal, patriotic, American citizens. This is a republic, and Roman Catholics have a right to their share in the conduct of the government, on the basis of population; but a careful watch is to be kept against the ceaseless, insidious influence of the Roman hierarchy. I do not believe that any noticeable portion of our legislators as yet—least of all, our Presidents—are in the pay of Rome, or subservient to Roman interests."

American Manners

ARE Chinese and Japanese boys and girls as a rule more polite than American boys and girls? Whenever we meet these youths of a race which we are inclined to consider inferior to our own, we are impressed by their good manners, and they seem natural, spontaneous. The good qualities of courtesy and politeness are not national American characteristics. Miss H. E. Hersey, in her "Letters to Girls," relates an incident from her own observation. A company of young people were sitting on the veranda of a country house. Every chair was occupied. Presently up the path, slowly and feebly came an elderly woman, well known to the world of society and letters. What did those young people do when she reached the veranda? All remained seated. "I received an indelible impression of the character and breeding of each person in that company," says Miss Hersey. By all laws of cultivated society the action of each should have been so swift as to have been automatic. The worst of it is that genuine politeness being the outward expression of certain fine inward qualities of character, the lack of it indicates a lowering of moral tone as well as a lack of good breeding. Every young person can help the reputation of Americans by cultivating both those inner and outer graces which will enable us at least to equal in courtesy our Asiatic neighbors.—*The Wellspring*.

Home Missionary Work

GOD expects personal service from every one to whom he has entrusted a knowledge of the truth for this time. Not all can go as missionaries to foreign lands, but all can be home missionaries in their families and neighborhoods. There are many ways in which church-members may give the message to those around them. One of the most successful is by living helpful, unselfish, Christian lives. Those who are fighting the battle of life at great odds may be refreshed and strengthened by little attentions which cost nothing. Kindly words simply spoken, little attentions simply bestowed, will sweep away the clouds of temptation and doubt that gather over the soul. The true heart expression of Christlike sympathy, given in simplicity, has power to open the door of hearts that need the simple, delicate touch of the spirit of Christ.—"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, page 30.



Fortunes in the By-Product

BY-PRODUCT is merely the aristocratic name for junk, and for the waste matter from our various industries. When we have learned perfectly our lesson in industrial economy, there will be no waste. Even now we have approached very near to the ideal of having the waste of every industry become the raw material of others; as sawdust, the waste of the lumber-mill, is the working material of paper and gas manufactories; or coal-tar, the waste of the gas and coke industry, is the raw material of the anilin dye industry.

The aggressiveness that has been revealed in the use of the so-called waste materials within the last quarter of a century has been a necessity. The manufactories producing annually huge amounts of objectionable waste have been forced, by public opinion and the resultant laws, to a more satisfactory disposition of such materials than had been made; and besides some companies from economical pressure were forced to attempt a profitable disposition of their waste. These two main forces quickened the thought and invention of men until at the present time the utilization of the waste material, or by-products, presents as interesting a problem as any in the industrial world.

Every large city now has its waste dealers, quite a number of whom have become millionaires. The business has its own weekly trade journal.

It is sometimes said that once we threw away everything except the finished product, but now the versatility of the beef industry, which is said to use every part of the animal but the "squeal," characterizes most other industries.

Before the manufacturers learned how to get money out of the by-products, hundreds of millions of dollars were sacrificed in carting away the refuse or in voluntary bonfires. When a pile of rubbish that was combustible, got so large that something had to be done with it, a lighted match was placed under it, and the small boys had a rare treat, which sometimes lasted for days.

Unfortunately, there were some rubbish heaps that would not burn. The sea was too far away to receive them, and so they had to lie upon the ground in unsightly heaps, public nuisances. One of these, an alkali heap, covered four hundred fifty acres of ground, and is said to have received a daily addition of one thousand tons.

Sometimes the strong acid fumes that escaped from some manufactories were objectionable because of their disagreeable odor, their corroding effect on metal, and their destructive effect on vegetation. "A striking commentary on the early anxiety there was to get rid of these wastes, is furnished by the fact that in 1840 a patent was taken out for a sort of floating manufactory, to be towed out to sea, weather permitting, and there allowed to do its worst." It is needless to say that this device did not prove practicable, so the effort to solve the problem did not rest here.

The story of the more successful solutions of the waste problem, and of the various uses now made of by-products, is almost as inexhaustible as it is fascinating. No country, it is said, surpasses Germany in

making use of its waste products. In a recent year the selling value of the coal-tar alone, a by-product of the gas and coke industry, brought Germany \$10,000,000. Coal-tar is a regular Pandora box from which are obtained benzol, toluol, xylol, naphtha, ammonia, various cyanids, anthracene, pyridin, naphthalene, numerous oils, perfumes, drugs, and dyes. The coal-tar industry employs hundreds of chemists and highly trained scientific experts, besides thousands of workmen of every grade.

For hundreds of yards around copper smelters, the fumes of escaping sulphuric acid destroyed the vegetation,—grass, shrubs, and trees. Nothing survived their blighting effect. Finally the Supreme Court of the United States decided a case against some Tennessee smelters, demanding that something be done to prevent the fumes from escaping into the air, and of course something had to be done. Experts were employed to help solve the problem. As a result, the company decided "to capture the fumes, reclaim the acid, invest some money in phosphate beds, ship the acid to the beds; and the result was the Independent Fertilizer Company, manufacturers of artificial fertilizers, controlled by the copper trust. The smelter reclaimed one thousand three hundred twenty tons of acid a day, made a profit in obeying the law, and gave employment to a large number of men."

Sawdust Products

The following interesting summary of the uses to which the waste of lumber-mills is now put was made by a writer in *Ambition*:—

We all know that sugar, for instance, is made from it; and that alcohol, too, is thus obtained; but, aside from these, the popular mind is not so well informed. Sawdust forms the basis of more than twenty different kinds of explosives. The so-called white and yellow gunpowders are merely so much sawdust saturated with certain acids. Gas for illuminating purposes can be manufactured from sawdust equally as well as from coal. In the lumber regions of Canada, where sawdust is cheap and plentiful, many towns and villages are lighted with sawdust-gas. The mode of production is the same as that used to obtain coal-gas. The sawdust is baked in retorts, and yields from twenty thousand to thirty thousand cubic feet of gas a ton. What is known as wood-meal fodder for cattle is simply sawdust mixed into a mash with hot distillers' wash and flavored with rock salt. It can be fed to the cattle in its fresh state, or it can be dried and pressed into molds like oil-cake, or it can be baked in the form of dough. Similar sawdust dough is made into bread and eaten by the peasants in some parts of Russia. Mortar made from sawdust is now largely used in building operations. In fact, a house could almost be so built throughout; for there is a sawdust stucco on the market, and all kinds of imitation wood are made of sawdust, from plain planks to the most elaborate oak and mahogany moldings, ornamental doors, windows, etc. Then there is a wood marble, which is used for mantle-pieces, and which is sawdust combined with ivory waste and colored with certain pigments. The raised velvet wall-papers are made of sawdust sifted over a surface that has been previously sized with an adhesive paste. All kinds of dyes are now manufactured from sawdust, and are both cheap and permanent. A pound of sawdust dye, for instance, costs only about half as much as the same quantity of logwood extract. The sawdust product possesses four

times the dyeing power. Ordinary sawdust is used by jewelers to clean tarnished silver, and beech sawdust is the best polishing powder for gold. Sawdust is also used in laundries in lieu of soap, since friction with it is very efficacious in removing dirt. Tens of thousands of tons of sawdust are pulped and made into paper every year. Pressed into round molds, it is made into stoppers for bottles; into flat molds, with dyes, it comes out in the form of colored plaques and tinted wooden tiles. Sawdust is now used for the cheaper kinds of linoleums, instead of the more expensive cork dust, and tessellated floors are laid with small blocks of colored sawdust "granite" arranged in patterns.

Uses of Waste Wool, Tin Cans, Glycerin

Mr. Arthur B. Reeve, in the *Progress Magazine*, tells of the utilization of waste wool and iron, and other waste products. Mr. Reeve says:—

"A little-known utilization of waste is that of wool and woolen rags. When wool was washed, they used once to run the water and suds off and throw it all away gladly. Now they save it for the wool grease, oils, fats, acids, and potassium salts. More than three million pounds of potassium carbonate are saved annually by the wool-mills of France and Belgium in this way. Waste soap-suds from textile factories are now used, and lubricating oils, fats, acids, soaps, etc., are recovered. In one German factory the suds are precipitated with lime, the solid matter collected into bricks, dried, heated in retorts, thus producing a gas with three times the illuminating power of coal-gas, enough to light the plant and to sell to others besides. At one American plant, two hundred thousand pounds of wool are degreased every ten hours at a great profit, but even yet in this country between two and three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash is wasted. As for woolen rags, mostly from Chelsea, the shoddy from this source alone makes seventy-five million pounds every year.

"Explosive manufacturers are now erecting soap-works for the sake of the glycerin formerly poured down sewers in quantities. India-rubber presents a peculiar problem. There is a woefully meager supply of it, in the first place, and the industry itself is the best outlet for its own waste. In fact, the whole output becomes waste in two or three years, and the manufacturer uses the old rubber over and over again. The overshoes you throw away will never reach the dump. The rag-picker will fish them out of the barrel and carry them off in triumph. After going through many hands, they will be ground up fine, the fibers blown out, and the rubber reclaimed by one of a number of processes. So it will be used over and over again, for last year only sixty-eight thousand tons of new rubber were added to the world's stock, and the supply is getting less and less.

"Old iron gravitates to the mill like water to the river—four million tons of it a year. The rag-man poking about the street takes it in hand first, then the dealer buys it from him, and the scrap-iron magnate sells it to the steel trust. It makes the very best kind of steel. In fact, the San Francisco waste in iron brought a high price for steel, which is now being riveted into some German super-dreadnaught.

"Disposal of garbage in many English and German cities yields a profit to the community from grease, fuels, and fertilizers. Broken glass and ashes are used to make artificial stone. Liverpool's refuse destructor

once had large quantities of clinkers, which were dumped at sea. Now they use the stuff with cement to make concrete for building. An example is a model tenement built of this 'waste.'

"Tin-scrap and tin cans, once fit only for goat food, are now reclaimed for their solder, are sometimes cut and bent and painted into Christmas toys for the children, and finally are melted up into window-sash weights. Brewery residue makes good cattle-feed. Amber waste, made into a plastic mass, is used as imitation amber. Creosote is recovered from paraffin waste. In turning mother-of-pearl buttons, the waste which is made is gathered, ground up very fine into a powder, and is a brilliant coloring for artificial flowers and wall-papers."

Even the shells of the four million bushels of peanuts that Americans eat each year are largely shipped to Germany, mixed with molasses, and sold as food for cattle. Cotton-seeds, which once were thrown away, now produce millions of dollars' worth of oil and cattle-feed.

"A fuel compound of paper-pulp refuse and crude oil is an American invention. It has a mortar-like consistency, is of quick ignition and high calorific value. The residue is small."

"Old rope has its special market and uses, and in every seaport the collecting and classifying of old rope is an important business. Rope covered with heavy applications of tar or graphite is even more valuable to-day for making oakum than lightly tarred material, while hemp rope with the original heavy coating of tar worn off by weathering is often used for bag paper. A small percentage of untarred hemp rope, used in its prime for hoisting and other such purposes, is being converted into cigarette-paper in Europe. Scraps and waste from old tarred rope, and also old oakum removed from the seams of ships, are now used for making boards."

It is by no means a useless lesson that the financial world is teaching in its utilization of by-products, for it points to the greater problem of conserving all natural, physical, and spiritual resources. F. D. C.

An Australian Invention

SEAWEEED cloth is an Australian invention. From Melbourne comes the news of a marine plant that the learned term *posidenia*. Spencer Gulf contains millions of tons of material of which the fibers of *posidenia* constitute a great part. The properties of these fibers enable them to be used in numerous ways. They may be spun and woven by mixing them with wool. Experiments made in the large Australian woolen factories have demonstrated that they take dye almost as well as wool itself, which is not the case with any other textile of vegetable origin. This makes their utilization possible in the manufacture of large carpets and rugs. The fibers of *posidenia* do not take fire until in the neighborhood of three hundred seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. They are as good as hemp for calking vessels, and may be of great value in making bags for the transportation of coffee, wool, or cotton. Numerous soundings in Spencer Gulf have proved that the deposit is extensive, for it has been accumulating for centuries. It is found sometimes a few inches under the surface, and sometimes at a slightly greater depth. It reaches a thickness varying from four to twelve feet. The fibers have been entangled by the action of wind and waves in a mass of fine sand, shells, clay, and calcareous matter. They are intimately min-

gled with all these substances, and held together like a web. The lower layers are of better quality than the upper, for the upper layers contain decaying roots of the more recent vegetation. But below two feet the fiber is of much clearer color, even while mixed with layers of earth. Specimens of the best quality for industrial use have been gathered in layers covered with from two to ten feet of water. The mass of sand, shells, clay, and lime mixed with fibers is easily worked, so the extraction of the textile substance does not appreciably increase the cost. On an average twenty tons of material will furnish one ton of fibers in condition for manufacture. The crude fiber, after imperfect drying on the beach, is sent to a neighboring port on barges. Here it is dried mechanically, sorted according to quality, and then made up into packages for shipment. If the use of the objects manufactured with the *posidenia* fibers shows that durability is one of the valuable qualities of this textile plant, the industrial and commercial movement that has started in Spencer Gulf is destined to quick extension.—*Ambition*.

Bird's Nests to Order

A FACTORY at Saco, Maine, has been busy during the early spring with an unusual order—that of turning out one thousand woodpecker nests for Prof. Philip E. Perry, the noted Massachusetts ornithologist and student of natural history. The bird-houses are constructed of pine blocks fifteen inches long and from five to six in diameter. The back of the block is squared to permit a patent adjustment to attach it properly to the tree or place where the house is to be located. A canopy, or top piece, acts as a roof to keep out wind and rain.

In the block a perfect nest is drilled out. Within three inches of the bottom of the nest the tree is notched with steps, so that the sharp, strong claws of the bird may find a footing.

The nests are to be used by the ornithologist in numerous orchards to see if the birds can not be induced to occupy homes built for them, in place of cutting into trees on their own behalf. The latter process is often harmful to the trees.—*Young People's Weekly*.

How We Build

A CERTAIN rich American had a favorite servant who was engaged to be married to a builder. The rich man, just before he set out for a visit abroad, called the man and told him he wanted a thoroughly good little house built, and when he came home he should like it to be finished.

The builder set to work, and soon, very soon, the house was run up. But it was built of the very poorest materials: the bricks were common, the wood not seasoned, and the fitting cheap. But there was plenty of paint to hide bad workmanship.

When the rich man came home, the builder took him through the house, and pointed out all its prettiness. "There, sir," said he, "is as nice a little house as you want." The master saw it was shoddy, but he looked at the builder and said pleasantly: "I'm real glad you're satisfied with it, for I mean it for a wedding present for you and Emma!"

What a different job the builder would have made of it if he had only known he was at work on his own house!

You, and I are at work on our own house. What sort of materials are we using, "gold and silver," or "wood, hay, and stubble"?—*Selected*.

The Story of Our Rarotongan Church

G. F. JONES



None of those lovely islands of the South Seas, where earth, sky, and sea seem to be at their best, as if to remind us still of the Edenic beauty of the world when it came forth in its perfection from the hands of the Creator, a company of native Christians, about one hundred twenty in number, pledged themselves to be loyal to him who had blessed their island home with such an abundance of all things that served to their comfort and happiness. The mark of their loyalty to God and their brotherly unity was the observance of that holy and sanctified day which the Lord set apart in the beginning as a sign of his love and redeeming power toward mankind. Another government then took possession of that group of islands, and the Cook Island Christians up to that time had observed the Sabbath day, the seventh day, according to the commandment, unmolested. The new government bode no good to these faithful and conscientious Christians, for those who were placed in authority demanded from all the native Christians the observance of the first day of the week, Sunday. All who refused to comply were intimidated with threats and confiscation of homes and lands. But this kind of rough persuasion called forth a band of heroic men and women who were determined, come what would, "to obey God rather than men." The authorities deprived them of their place of meeting and severely persecuted them, taking away their lands and making them convicts; and they, with their wives and children, were employed in making a new road on one side of the island. This road which they faithfully made is still an honor to them, for it is the best road on the island to this day. All this happened on the island of Rarotonga, of the Cook Islands. After a time the government authorities, seeing that harsh treatment only made friends for the cause of the persecuted, relaxed their severity and allowed them their God-given liberties.

Their place of worship having been taken away from them, they met for years in a dilapidated old hut to continue their worship every Sabbath. At one end of this hut was an old-fashioned wooden bedstead on which the youths squatted for their Sabbath-school lessons. In front of this the minister stood and preached. The rest of the hut had its floor covered with native mats on which the congregation sat with their legs crossed under them. Every Sabbath the old house was crowded. The singing was soul-stirring, often reminding one of the grand, classical music of the old masters and at times of the peculiar style of Russian music. The Lord was there and glorified that quaint old hut. There was no desk for the pastor to rest his heavy and cumbersome native Bible on, and it was difficult to read, for the room was dark; but on one occasion the writer distinctly remembers having the weight of that Bible taken away from his hands. Was it an angel sent to assist?

The brethren of Australia and New Zealand, learning that the Rarotongan brethren had great need of a proper building to worship in, generously contributed toward a new church building. With great joy did the brethren on the island look forward to this; it seemed too good to be true that they should have a brand-new church with a proper rostrum for their preacher, and with seats and windows and a good iron roof that would defy the violent tropical showers.

How enthusiastic they all were over it! A piece of land was procured close to the beach, near the clear, blue waters of the Pacific. Here assembled the men, women, and children to build their new church. Persecution and death had greatly thinned their ranks, yet there were a goodly number still left, and they were the better number, for they had endured and were tried. Women and children carried the heavy coral stones from the beach and the sea, while men and youth went up the mountain to cut timber for beams and scaffolding. The foundations were laid and the work went forward with enthusiasm; but it took many weary months of hot days and wet days to complete the building. There was much preparation for the opening day, which was to be on the anniversary of the bringing of the gospel to their shores by John Williams. Singing rehearsals were numerous; new clothes must be made and worn, for the church would be filled with their friends and their enemies, and these all must be entertained by a special feast for the occasion. It was a great day for our brethren on Rarotonga. The convict labor, shame, and persecution were all forgotten and swallowed up in the joy of this auspicious day. The church was early filled, and the singing began. O, such singing! It thrilled the listener. It was of that peculiar and incomparable style belonging exclusively to the Cook Island Christians and more especially to the persecuted observers of the Sabbath day. The joyous songs seemed to cause the very building to vibrate. The pastor preached from Psalms 127, and the dedicatory prayer was offered earnestly by the man who was the chief of the village and who had suffered the most from persecution and loss of property for the Word of God, and who ostensibly is still the leader of that company. Loud and hearty were the Amens from those heads of families who spared not themselves in the erection of their beloved church. There were Tangiaere, the Sabbath-school superintendent; Kuru, the church clerk; Tonga, the mission-school man; Taivurangi; and other faithful men; and last but not least, Old Brother Bob, who had been the life and soul of the work, ever hustling the men from their fishing and the women from their huts, and the children from their mountain or beach-rambling to "build the house of the Lord," lest the enemy should mockingly say, "This man began to build, and was not able to finish." We never could have got along without this dear, old brother, always cheerful, hospitable, courageous, and active. His work is now finished, and he rests under the soil of his dear lovely isle, whence he will arise and hear the Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The dedicatory service was followed by a baptism in the sea. Some of the candidates belonged to the first Christian converts from the time of John Williams, and many were there to witness to the genuine fruits of the third angel's message among the brown-skinned race of the isles that are waiting for His law.

The young people of Australasia, who denied themselves of unnecessaries and saved their pennies to give to the needy Rarotongans, would have rejoiced greatly, together with those men, women, children, yes, and angels, had they been there that day to see the result of their gifts. There are thousands of needy islands in the Malay Archipelago that are waiting for the last gospel message. Do not forget them.

Interesting Experiences in the Sudan

[The following article is by Rev. Vanus Smith, of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission to the Sudan. Mr. Smith is now in this country on a furlough, but expects to return to his field of labor as soon as his health will permit.]



“S I was leaving my field of labor for my furlough, the great chief of the tribe to whom I was ministering said to me: ‘You will come back soon, will you not, and teach our children? We are too old to follow the ‘God-way,’ but we want our children taught how to live and to follow the God-way.’ I replied that I would return as soon as I could get well. He said, ‘When you come back I will give you men to build a school, and we want our children taught in the religion of the white man.’ He added, ‘Have you known these things a long time?’ I had to say we had known them a long time. Then followed this searching question, which is often met out in those fields, ‘Why have you not told us these things long ago? I am lost; it is too late for me; my ancestors have all died without this God-word. When you get to your friends, will you tell them how anxious we are to know the God-way? Could not more of them come back with you?’”

I told him that I would tell my people about them and their desire to learn about Jesus Christ and his salvation, and I would try to get some of them to come with me to help in telling them the way of life.

From Every Village

of that region comes the call for teachers to show them the way to life. From a distant part of the field we received a request that we should send them a teacher. We had to tell the men that there was no one whom we could send. This committee was followed by hundreds who came from the same region urging us to come or to send a teacher; and this producing no results, they came actually by thousands, and brought their fetishes and charms ready to throw them away; for they said they had found out that they were no good and could not help them, and there was a better way, which they wanted to know. How different is our situation! Here we have the gospel on every street corner, and churches are in every village, and they are so numerous we can hardly support them. I have actually seen young people laughing and whispering while the most solemn truths were being taught them concerning Jesus and his love. The great mass of our people are absolutely indifferent to the gospel. But in the Sudan no one ever laughs when the gospel is being presented. As we tell the people about Jesus, their eyes are reverently raised to heaven, their interest is intense, and they continually give expressions of thanks to God for what the white man has brought to them. They repeat over and over, “Thank you, thank you for sending us the white man with the God-word.”

I well remember one old man who had for a long time been seeking for light in the midst of the unnatural darkness. He lived in a little dark hut in great poverty, and at my first visit, as I told him of Jesus and his forgiveness and love, he threw his arms about me in the deepest gratitude. I visited him day after day, and had to crawl into his hut through a little hole, the only opening there was. After I had become accustomed to the darkness so that I could read, I read to him about the city of God where there will be no death, and where there will be no hunger, and his

joy became boundless and deep. It seemed too good to be true, and yet his faith grasped it all. One day a boy brought to me the news that he was dead.

A woman came to me and said, “You say that Jesus can take away a sinful heart?” “Yes, he can,” I replied. “Will you ask him to change my heart? My heart is so bad, I want a new heart.” We knelt down, and when we had prayed together, her face was lighted with the joy of the knowledge that her sins were forgiven. Jesus has the same power to forgive sins in Africa as here.

At one of our yearly councils the superintendent of our mission asked me if I would go to the Loko tribe and start a new work. I told him I was willing to do so. I was assisted by an interpreter until I could understand their language. When I arrived at the village, I found a little hut that had been assigned to me. There was no window, and the only opening was a small hole through which I must crawl to enter or go out. My outfit consisted of a knife, fork, spoon, and soap box, and there I lived for three years, eating such food as I could procure from the natives, in addition to a very small supply of civilized provisions. I had prepared for this work by a special consecration of all I had to Jesus Christ, and so when I saw the situation I had to recall my vows, and I found great joy in working for this people. I did what I could for them in their sickness and sufferings, and was often able to furnish relief. They came to believe that I could help them in every matter, and so came to me with all sorts of troubles.

I Was Especially Drawn to the Children

who are subjected to much abuse and are neglected, for no one cares for them. They are kicked and cuffed about without any consideration, and often struck over the head with a club. But I undertook to bind up their sore feet and hands. Having a supply of salve, I would do up their sores, and they came to love me very much, and I loved them. They became a little too familiar with me at times, and in their sports would be rough and boisterous.

The people at first came in crowds to look at me, because I was the only white person they had ever seen. They asked me all kinds of questions about my people, about my hands and my hair and clothes; and when I began to give them some little notions such as I could spare, they wanted everything I had, even to my clothing, for they had none, and they thought I should at least divide with them.

After their curiosity was somewhat abated, I asked the chief to call the people together. He raised his voice to a stentorian tone and called upon all to come to hear the white man tell the God-word, and soon there was a congregation. I asked them if they knew about Jesus. No one knew him.

“Do you know about God, who made you?”

“Yes, we know him.”

“Well, Jesus is the Son of God. Why do you not serve him?”

“O, he loves only white men! he does not love black men. He gives white men plenty of clothes and everything good; he gives black men no clothes, no books, no knowledge.”

It was my privilege to assure them that Jesus does love them, and that I had come to tell them of his love and to help them to love him.

(Concluded on page fourteen)



The Chemist's Mistake

ENDEAVORING to arrest the attention of passers-by as he stood in the midst of a small crowd at the side of the promenade, an earnest servant of God was faithfully telling of the love of God to sinners. Many were passing to and fro, and there were some quiet, thoughtful listeners. But presently the speaker was interrupted by a voice:—

"That's all wrong. The Bible is false; there is no God and no heaven."

But the speaker went on with his address, notwithstanding the interruption; and shortly after, the meeting was closed, and the people separated.

We shall follow the interrupter. Poor fellow, his heart was full of bitter enmity to the truth, and he tried to persuade himself, and others, too, that religion was all a sham. But it was with poor success, in spite of his loud talk.

He was a chemist, and as he turned into his shop and looked at the clock, he decided it was time to close up for the night. But just then there came a timid little girl.

"What do you want?" was the impatient question which he asked.

"Please, sir, mother's sick, and will you give her this medicine?"

"Too late; come in the morning."

"O, but please do! she is so sick; please give me it."

With a grumble he made up the prescription, and away went the girl.

As the chemist proceeded to replace the bottles and turn out the gas, his eye caught the label on the last bottle he had taken up, and to his horror, he saw at once that he had made an awful mistake, and put in some deadly poison.

"What can I do? The girl is gone; I know nothing of her—don't know where she lives. Perhaps her mother has taken it even now."

As he thought, the cold perspiration seemed to come out of every pore, and he stood in terror.

"If the woman takes the medicine there is no hope; I shall be a murderer. What shall I do?"

What hope, what comfort, could there be for him,—a man who did not believe in God? In spite of his bold denial but an hour or two before, the man fell on his knees just where he was, behind the counter, and cried aloud: "O God, don't let that poor woman take that medicine!"

God, who leads the blind by a way that they know not, was surely leading this poor, restless sinner to the knowledge of himself.

Scarcely able to move, in utter helplessness, the chemist knelt, repeating his prayer.

Just then he heard some one open the door. Looking up, there stood the girl again, crying.

"O, please, sir, I'm so sorry! I was hurrying, and I fell down and broke the bottle. O, please give me some more medicine!"

The chemist was almost overcome with joy, for by God's mercy, the child's fall had prevented the terrible thing he had feared.

God—yes, there is a God—he had indeed heard his prayer.

"Yes, my dear, I'll give you some more; don't cry."

With trembling hand and beating heart and mind all aglow with wonder and relief, the chemist carefully made up the prescription again, and the child gleefully ran off once more, her lips full of thanks for this kindness.

The lights were put out, and the door locked, and the chemist went home to his room, to be alone with God,—God, whom he had treated so terribly in the past, and whose word had been so mercifully fulfilled in his behalf: "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee."

As a repentant sinner he sought and found pardon and peace through a crucified, risen, and exalted Saviour at God's right hand, and since then it has been his delight to make known the love of Christ to others.
— *Selected.*

Don't Forget Your Lantern

"It will be quite dark before you return, Charley: don't forget your lantern," said a mother to her son, who was going to spend his half-holiday at a farm about two miles distant.

"I'm not afraid of the dark, and I know my way well enough," he muttered. "No, I sha'n't take the stupid old lantern: it will only be in the way."

Off he went, and spent a merry afternoon with his companions, never thinking of his mother's words, nor troubled about his journey home.

It was quite dark when he said good-by to his friends at the farm, and as there was no moon, and the night was very dark, they kindly offered to lend him a lantern. But he was too proud to accept it after boasting to his mother that he knew his way so well. He declared more loudly than ever before that he would know his way blindfolded and would be half-way home before the lantern was lighted.

He ran down the path, along the road across the field. In the corner of the field was a broken stile, which had to be crossed in order to enter the wood. Part of the stile had rotted away, but the long nail which held it still remained, and catching Charley's jacket as he climbed it, tripped him, and threw him suddenly into a bed of sting-nettles in the dry ditch beyond. Bruised and smarting and mortified, he crept out of the ditch and began to make his way through the wood. There were several paths, but the widest and most frequented was his nearest way.

Perhaps it was the pain he was suffering, or the annoyance he felt, which caused him to forget to take the turning on the right, for after walking a short distance he found the bushes were close to him on either side, and felt sure that he had strayed into one

of the narrow pathways which crossed the wood in every direction. How he longed for his lantern! He had no idea which way to go, but wandered on and on until he grew tired and footsore.

At last he came to a more open space, and thinking he had reached the road, he pressed boldly on, but found the ground gave way beneath his feet, and in another moment he was struggling in the water. There was a large pool in the midst of the wood, and into this he had fallen. Happily it was not very deep, and after groping about for something to which he could cling, he seized hold of a tough bough and managed to scramble out of the water and into the pathway.

Some minutes later, bruised and bleeding, with clothes torn and stained with mud and weeds and soaked with water, he reached the gate of his own home, where all the family were assembled, wondering what had become of him.

"Mother," said the miserable but penitent boy, "I have been very foolish; but I will never go without the lantern again."

Four years passed, and Charley, grown a fine, tall lad, stood again by the gate, saying farewell to his mother, not for a few hours, but for months, perhaps years.

"Don't forget your lantern, my boy," she said, as she placed in his hand a small Bible. "Let God's Word be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path. Whenever you are in doubt as to the way you should take, let the light of this Book shine upon your path, and the way will be plain."—*Selected.*

A Spring Journey

NIGHT had fallen, bringing with it the peaceful quietness of another Sabbath. The stars beamed brightly upon the darkened earth. Not a cloud was in sight, except a few lying low along the western horizon.

Without the door of an old farmhouse stood two youthful figures, anticipating the morrow's journey.

"What say you of the weather?" asked the younger.

"Those gathering clouds may bring rain, but we shall hope not," was the answer.

"They may pass over during the night."

"Yes, and we must rise early and be off before the sun is high."

So saying, they went to their rooms for the night, to get the needed rest and strength for the journey.

The morning dawned, and all nature, awakened by the good All-Father, greeted the beams of the rising sun as they gleamed through the rifts in the clouds that had passed in the night. The two girls, now awakened by their father's call, looked out of the eastern window to greet the sunbeams.

Soon they were seated at the morning meal, planning which way they would take to accomplish the journey. The father told of a way that would shorten their walk by several miles. He gave directions and they readily accepted them.

"Yes," replied the older of the two, "I remember just where those crossroads are, and the other little road that comes into them."

They donned their light coats and white spring bonnets, called a gay "Good-by" to the family, and started off. They were of equal height and both were full of the vigor of youth. One was slightly darker and heavier and a few years younger; yet the difference was not so great but that persons often asked which was the older.

Avoiding the traveled road that led through the villages, they chose the path through the woods, and tripped gaily along, singing bits of song and talking of the friends they expected soon to see.

The northwestern breeze blew gently, and the rays of the sun seemed slow in warming the chilly morning air; but their hopes were high, and they walked rapidly on.

The warm southern breezes and the spring showers had swelled the buds on bush and tree till some were bursting open. Here and there a tuft of bright-green grass had sprung up, and the vines were trailing over the mass of fallen leaves. In the softened earth they noticed the footprints of young Bruin. He had gone over that same pathway earlier than they. With a wish, half that they might see him and half that they might not, they almost tiptoed along, only to be startled now and then by the sudden whir-r-r of a partridge. When they reached the main road, they saw no more of his tracks.

After a half-mile walk westward they turned into a pretty road. The trees on either side were tall and reached out their branches till they met, forming an archway overhead. The air was filled with the fragrance of the lately cut hemlock. Their steps were not so hurried now, and they stopped to pull a trailing vine and break a branch of the beautiful hemlock.

Passing by a number of farmhouses, the road came to an abrupt end. There were no crossroads; but perhaps they were a little farther to the right. Father had said something about going a little to the east, they thought. Without stopping to look for way-marks or the directions, they hurried to the right, expecting each moment to see the crossroads. To the older of the two, things did not seem right. Something within her seemed to say, "You are going the wrong way." But instead of turning back, she calmed her thoughts by gazing upon familiar farmhouses and pathways, which seemed to be out of their places, and thinking that the crossroads would surely be at the bottom of this hill or around the next curve in the road.

The northwestern breeze, which was no longer gentle, blew against their backs and fairly pushed them along in their wrong course. Suddenly their attention was arrested by a hoarse, "Croak, croak." There on a tall stub sat a shiny black raven, tipping his head from side to side, seemingly very much interested in the travelers. To them, he seemed to be saying, "Joke, joke." They soon decided that it *was* a joke and they were going in the wrong direction.

They turned and speedily retraced their steps. Now they saw things in a different light. They had passed over the road once before, walking in this direction, but had never walked the other way. Soon they met a farmer and his son riding along in a hay-rack, and inquired of them how far it was to the crossroads.

"Three miles farther on," was the reply.

Three miles! Why, they were nearly as far from their destination as they were before starting! The wind now blew directly in their faces and their feet had already become heavy, but they courageously sped on, trying to make good the lost time. All the while they scolded themselves for not *knowing* they were on the wrong road. They passed the little road they had come over. Not far from home now. Should they go on or go back home? "Onward" was their answer, and onward they went.

At last the sign-boards greeted them. They stopped to collect their thoughts. All was clear now. They

read the words pointing to the southeast whence they came; "Solon Springs, 10 miles;" to the west, "Hawthorne, 2½ miles;" to the east, "Nebagamon, 8 miles;" and straight ahead of them to the northwest, "Superior, 17 miles." Every road was there but the "little road" that was so surely there in the mind of the older maiden. Three of those seventeen miles still lay before them. Their steps lagged a little now, as the road led upward most of the way, and their morning's flight had wearied them.

A few new farmhouses broke the monotony of the dreary way. The fragrance of the trailing arbutus perfumed the air, and they stopped to pluck the clusters of pink and white blossoms. The bright-red berries of the wintergreen also brightened the way.

At last they climbed the highest hill on the road that is commonly called "Eighteenth Street." From there they could see away off in the distance, and over the city of Superior the blue line of hills that indicate the "heights of Duluth."

They reached their destination after the eleventh hour, too late to enjoy the Sabbath meetings, yet not too late to enjoy the remaining hours of the Sabbath and the pleasant associations of those they had wished to meet.

So much like the journey of life was the journey of this one day. Full of the vigor of youth we start on our way; yet if we do not heed carefully the words of our Heavenly Father, we soon find that "little roads" are the ones that will lead us astray. When once started on the wrong track, how easy it is to speed along with the winds of doubt and how difficult it is to turn about and face and push against the things that led us so far away. It sometimes takes the "joke, joke" of a scoffer to awaken us to sense the fact that we are going astray.

We find the road to the city is an upward, rocky one, yet brightened by pleasant memories; and he who is faithful will at last surmount the highest hill and view the beautiful city on the heights beyond.

Let us hasten on and try to reach our goal even before the eleventh hour, and may we realize the blessing of taking some one with us.

GWEN M. BURNHAM.

Use Correct Language

MANY things combine to form one's character. Thoughts impel to action. Actions repeated are habits. A continuity of habits is the life character.

Perhaps there is little else about us by which we are more accurately judged than by the language we use. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12: 37. No doubt these words refer to the final judgment, but are they not in a degree applicable to the present time and also in the sense of our relation to our associates?

Lack of education frequently is the cause of inaccuracy of speech. In many another case the grammatical knowledge is sufficient, but careless habits have been indulged without rebuke until mistakes have become the rule of life. Even if educational advantages have been curtailed, one can form right habits of speech by careful attention to the conversation of persons who are accounted correct in their speech.

Ungrammatical language may for various reasons be overlooked; but any form of speech which shows disrespect to others and lack of refinement should be relinquished immediately. For instance, no young man should speak of his neighbor as "Bradley" or

"Jones" or "Morehouse." Take time to make the necessary effort to say, "Mr. Bradley," or "Mr. Jones." It is a true saying that "familiarity breeds contempt." To use the name of a neighbor as if he were a member of the same family is a familiarity altogether unpardonable, from the viewpoint of good form.

Because it is customary to do so, it is proper to speak of the father of our country as "Washington" and of the great English statesman as "Gladstone;" but it is not customary in good society to so speak of ordinary men.

This pronunciation of words should be avoided. *G-e-t* does not spell *git*. *With* should not be pronounced *withe*. There are many other corrections that might be made if only we are close observers.

Which is better to say, "I do not think I have seen him in a month," or, "I think I have not seen him in a month"?

INSTRUCTOR readers should be careful to form correct habits of speech. MRS. D. A. FITCH.

A Whole Family Saved

I ONCE visited a Jew who lay sick for a long while, and who was converted in the presence of his wife and three children and myself. While speaking to him of his condition, I mentioned the Messiah. At first he did not seem to like this. But when I pressed upon him the question of where he would spend eternity, he began to study. Being told by his physician that he could not live, he telegraphed for his wife and children in New York City.

I was introduced to them, and he explained that I was a Christian rabbi. They did not appear to be shocked at this, as I had naturally expected. He took notice of this, and after some remarks I left, asking them to send for me if they should need me, and assuring them that I should gladly come back.

I had been gone only about an hour when a messenger came, urging me to come at once, because Mr. Abrams was dying. When I arrived I saw he could not live long, so I began to talk to him about his soul. His wife had already told me that she was a Christian, so the way was open on her part for me to speak more freely. While I was talking to the dying man, he asked his wife to listen, and then he cried out, "What do you think of that?"

She, with tears of joy flowing down her cheeks, said to him: "Papa, I am a Christian. I gave my heart to Jesus more than two years ago." Then the two boys spoke up and said: "Yes, father, we, too, have gone into the Baptist Church. We believe in Jesus as the Messiah."

Then their daughter, a beautiful brunette of eighteen, looking at her dying father, stooped and kissed him and said: "O, I am so happy, because I, too, know the Saviour!"

With eyes wide open the sick man asked me to pray that he also might know Jesus. All of us knelt there at the bedside, and I prayed that my sick Jewish brother might know our great Elder Brother, and it was my joy to hear him say, "I do believe that Jesus is the Christ, and I now accept him as my Saviour and King."

There were five happy hearts there around the bed of that dying man. I heard him pray: "Help me, Jesus." We looked, and with his hand in mine and his eyes wide open he began to praise God, and with a smile on his face he fell asleep in Jesus.—Dr. L. J. Ehrlich.

Interesting Experiences in the Sudan

(Concluded from page ten)

It is very difficult to dislodge the old people from their long-established ways and superstitions, but for the children there is much to be done. As there was no written language, I formed one, and taught it to the children, and wrote them little songs about Jesus, and some of the gospel stories. These went through the tribe everywhere.

A Christmas Celebration

It occurred to me to give the children a Christmas celebration, so I sent for a supply of cut loaf sugar and fish-hooks, and told them that we should have a grand time. They had had a taste of sugar and were ravenously fond of it, and could not wait for the time to come. Each day the question was repeated many times, "Is to-morrow Christmas?" At last it came, and a crowd was present. I had some fear about being able to control the hundreds of children who were there, so I asked the chief to help me, to which he readily consented, assuring me that he could keep them quiet with the club he always carried.

There were four or five hundred youngsters, and I placed them on the ground in rows so that I could pass around and give each of them six lumps of sugar. When all was ready, I opened the can of sugar, and the sight of the white lumps of sweetness was a signal that fired them all off at once. They leaped into the air with a whoop, and before I could escape were all over me, and filled my eyes with the dust and sand they kicked up. The can of sugar was rolled in the dirt, and I was glad to escape with my life. The chief was powerless to quell the little riot, though some of the children were knocked senseless with the merciless club, but they were used to that. They were simply acting out human nature without the restraints of our civilization.

The Worth of a Woman

In that land a woman is worth six goats, if she is able to do good hard work, and a man may have as many women as he can buy. Many poor men have none, and the more wealthy have even as many as twenty, and a chief will have, perhaps, a hundred. They are mere slaves. But the Spirit of God has gone in there before us, and I ask you to pray for the work there. I am very anxious to get back to my work, and I would that there were many others who felt it to be the sweet privilege it is to me to give their lives to the uplift of these poor people.—*The Medical Missionary.*

A Profitable Criticism

SIR JAMES STONEHOUSE, once a gay and godless young man, was led to a saving knowledge of the truth, and devoted himself to the gospel ministry, though lacking a full preparation for that work. It was not his nature to be calm, and once after he had conducted a service in a London church with his usual faults, the actor Garrick, who was present, said to him:—

"What particular business had you to do after the service was over?"

"None," was the answer.

"I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the pulpit in such a hurry. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible. What books were those you had before you?"

"Only the Bible and the prayer-book."

"Only the Bible and the prayer-book! Why you tossed them backward and forward and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger."

It is said that the young minister greatly profited by the criticisms of the noted tragedian.—*The Expositor.*

From John Watson's "The Life of the Master"

CHRISTIANITY is strong and fruitful in proportion to the number of men and women who are like Jesus; who are pure and gentle and patient and faithful; who are bravely carrying their cross, serving their fellow men, making life sweeter, and striving after the best thing. These are the saints, who neither pretend nor assume, who win and convert without knowing it.

Between the work of man and the work of God one difference can not be mistaken,—man achieves his end with effort and noise, God does his will with ease and quietness. When we determine to build a house for public use, there is a mighty commotion of speech and deed. With planning and discussion, with strain of arm and sweat of brow, with sound of ax and hammer, is the building completed and opened. One day God be-thinks himself of some spot in his beautiful universe which is needing shadow and protection, and he says, Let there be a tree. A bird in the air carries a seed and drops it—no one seeing—into the soft, moist earth; the sun shines, and the winds blow, and the showers fall,—no one thinking,—and a shoot of grass appears; the seasons follow one another, and the years come and go—no one considering—till the tiny thing has grown into a sturdy sapling; generations pass and are gathered to their fathers, and, behold, one,—no one celebrating,—a cedar of Lebanon. Birds will build their nests among its branches, and sing there the live-long day; travelers, weary with their journey, will rest beneath its roof, and go on their way rejoicing; and from far distances the tree stands out against the sky a symbol of vitality and of mercy. Perfect and eternal work is done in secret and cometh without observation, and it was after this fashion that Jesus established the great society which is called the kingdom of God.



M. E. KERN
MEADE MACGUIRE
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Field Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, June 28

1. OPENING EXERCISES (twenty minutes).
2. Mission Study (ten minutes).
3. Bible Study (fifteen minutes).
4. Social Meeting (fifteen minutes).

Suggestions for the Program

1. Review Morning Watch texts; prayer; minutes; special music; report of work; review objects for special prayer given in the Morning Watch Calendar for the quarter, and have a season of prayer for these objects.

2. "With Our Missionaries in China During the Revolution." Together with the article in the INSTRUCTOR telling us the hardships through which some of our workers passed, give some general facts concerning the revolution. Have a map of China and locate the mission station we are visiting in this meeting.

3. Success in the Christian Life, No. 10. We must pray much. Luke 18: 1-8. There are three phases to the prayer life. First, communion, 1 Thess. 5: 17; second, petition, Matt. 6: 11, 13; third, intercession, Gen. 18: 23-33; Deut. 9: 13-26; Col. 4: 12. Many seem content with the first two, but the last is the supreme and crowning phase of the Christian life.

4. For suggested topic see Matt. 21: 22. Experience meeting—victories and blessings each has gained through prayer.



XIII — Review

(June 28)

Questions

1. RELATE the early history of Abram till he came to the land of Canaan. Gen. 12: 1-10; 15: 1-7.
2. Why did Abram and Lot separate? What did Lot fail to do in choosing his home? Genesis 13.
3. Who visited Abram on one occasion? How did he provide for their entertainment? When he knew the Lord's purpose to destroy Sodom, what did he do to save the city? Gen. 18: 1-8, 17-33.
4. How were Lot and his family saved from Sodom? What lessons may we learn from their lives? Gen. 19: 1-30; 21: 5, 8-21.
5. How did God test Abraham's faith and obedience? What name was given him by the Lord? Of what was the sacrifice of Isaac a type? Gen. 22: 1-19.
6. Relate how a wife was chosen for Isaac. Genesis 24.
7. How did Esau and Jacob differ in disposition and character? Tell how Jacob gained Esau's birthright. How did he obtain his father's blessing? Gen. 25: 27-34; 27: 1-40.
8. Why did Jacob leave his home in Canaan? What dream was given him on the journey? What lesson do we learn from this dream? Gen. 27: 41-46; 28: 1-5, 10-22.
9. Relate Jacob's experience while in Haran. Gen. 29: 1-20; 31.
10. What experience led to the changing of his name? Relate how he and Esau met each other. Gen. 32: 1-29; 33.
11. Which of his sons did he love the best? Why? Relate Joseph's dreams. Gen. 37: 1-12.
12. Tell the story of how he was sold for a slave. Gen. 37: 12-36.
13. Repeat the memory verses for this quarter.

XIII — Review

(June 28)

Questions

1. WHO is the one Mediator? Where is the Son of God carrying on his mediatorial work for sin? Who has attempted to take his place? Where does he claim to sit? What does he profess? What expression describes the system which he represents?
2. What did Nebuchadnezzar call his kingdom? What name is given to the modern counterpart of his kingdom? What parallel is drawn in the Scriptures between ancient and modern Babylon?
3. What great subject is treated of in Daniel 8? What kingdom is first mentioned in this prophecy? What other kingdoms are introduced? Who was the first king of Greece? By what is Rome symbolized? How is its power described?
4. What inquiry and answer did Daniel hear in the vision of Daniel 8? Did Daniel fully understand this vision? What command was given to Gabriel?

5. What connection is there between the vision of Daniel 8 and Daniel's prayer and the answer to it recorded in Daniel 9? What makes it clear that the seventy weeks of Daniel 9 and the twenty-three hundred days of Daniel 8 commence at the same time? What events are assigned to the period of the seventy weeks? What great catastrophe would occur in the generation following the close of the seventy weeks?

6. What threefold decree marked the commencement of the twenty-three hundred days? When did this period commence? To what group of events does the first division (the seventy weeks) of this period extend? Of what is the destruction of Jerusalem in the generation following the close of the seventy weeks a type?

7. Why did the Lord request his people to make him a sanctuary? How was his presence manifested in the earthly sanctuary? Upon what work did Christ enter at his ascension? What manifestation of God's presence was given at Pentecost?

8. What was preached to the people through the sanctuary? When the people turned away from God, what happened to the people and the sanctuary? Cite an illustration.

9. What was seen in heaven under the sounding of the seventh trumpet? What view of the judgment was given to Daniel? When did the high priest go into the second apartment of the sanctuary? For what purpose? When did the judgment begin? By what prophecy is this important event fixed?

10. Which day is the true Sabbath? Of what is it a sign? What work of the Spirit is mentioned? By what power has the Sabbath been changed? What prophecy foretells its restoration?

11. In response to Christ's sacrifice for us, what sacrifice are we exhorted to make? In response to his continual mediatorial service for us, what service are we to render? How is this service to be expressed? What service will the redeemed render in the heavenly kingdom?

12. Define the gospel. When will the work of the gospel be finished? Repeat the gospel commission. What is said of those who publish the gospel? Give the leading features of the three messages of Revelation 14. Who wrote the ten commandments? What was seen in the temple in heaven?

Memory Verses

"Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." Rom. 4: 3.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Phil. 2: 4.

"For his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings." Job 34: 21.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6: 21.

"Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11: 6.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3: 6.

"The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment." Luke 12: 23.

"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Gen. 28: 15.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matt. 7: 2.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Gen. 32: 26.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." John 13: 34.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John 3: 15.

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'Tis pitiful

To court a grin when you should woo a soul.

—William Cowper.

Seed Thoughts

A TRUE friend will not hesitate to show us wherein he sees we are in error or in fault. He who refrains from showing us our faults has little or no interest in our moral and spiritual welfare.

It is far less harmful to be unjustly censured than to be upheld and encouraged in the least wrong-doing.

We ought to feel thankful when our mistakes and errors and faults are pointed out to us, and consider the one who points them out, as our friend and benefactor.

But he who seeks to correct another should do it in the spirit of love, from the motive of bringing good to that person. Otherwise the desired result is apt to be lost, and harm done instead.

Criticism administered in the spirit of love has saved many a soul from final destruction. But mere fault-finding has made the destruction of thousands more sure.

J. W. LOWE.

Shine in the Home

BE a light to all who are in the house. Shine where you live. Go on the unpleasant errand without bemoaning the necessity. Respond to the call for help cheerfully. Commend often, censure only when you must. The lights of kindness, gentleness, patience, and consideration should never go out; we should keep the light of a holy example always burning.

A boat went out to sea, carrying a father and a daughter. A terrible storm came up as they were hurrying back. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway, to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage. "Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway, with the lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she asked.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was, out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy—a wayward boy—"it is time I was steering by my mother's light;" and ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by and disease smote him. "He can not live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not fear for me," he said, as they wept: "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—*Illustrator*.

What the Little Hands Told

A LITTLE girl was left motherless at the age of eight. There were four younger than she. Her father was a poor man, and had to depend upon the daily labor of his hands for the support of his family. He was too poor to hire any one to undertake the care of his children, so the duties of the home-maker and mother fell upon the little girl, and nobly and patiently did she perform them. Early and late she toiled to complete the tasks of the day; so it was no wonder that at the end of five years the slender strength was exhausted, and she was stricken down. At thirteen she lay dying.

A neighbor sat by her bed, giving what comfort she could. The little face grew troubled. "It isn't that I'm afraid to die; I'm not. But I'm so ashamed," the little girl said. "Ashamed of what?" asked her companion, in surprise. "Why, it's this way. You know how it's been with us since mama died. I've been so busy, I've never done anything for Jesus; and when I go to heaven and meet him, I shall be so ashamed! O, what can I tell him?" Great sobs shook the neighbor's breast as she gathered the little, calloused, work-scarred hands into her own, and said: "I wouldn't tell him anything, dear. Just show him your hands."—*Sunday School Times*.

"Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home."

A Practical Man's Recipe for Success

A MAN who stands high in his class as a practical wood-worker was asked to what he attributed his success.

"Why," he answered, "I fell in love with my work when I was a youngster, and the better I got to know the work, the more I loved it. The more I loved it, the better I did the work. As my work improved, so did I. My advice to any young man is: Fall in love with your work."

The men who have made good, as well as those now in the progress of "getting there," are those whose work fascinates them, holds them with the grip of interest, shows them the hidden meaning of things, and leads them unerringly to a full understanding of the "why" of what they are trying to accomplish.

No insight is so true or so deep as that of the man who loves his work, not for what he gets out of it himself, but for what he can put into it, of himself. No material returns are so great or afford so much real pleasure as the satisfaction a full-blooded man finds in a piece of work well done.

Happy is the man who has found his work, and whose work has found him.—*Selected*.